

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

VOLUME III.

LIVERY FEED and SALE STABLE,

On Bridge St., near Princeton Bridge,

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

This is large and commanding Brick stable

situated near running water.

I would most respectfully inform the public

that I am prepared to give special attention to

Livery, Feeding and Stable Management.

I am equipped with the best provender the

country affords. Horses-harnessed by day,

when not in use.

A City and Train Run day and night.

With good careful drivers supplied at

all times. Every day drivers are on duty.

Bottom price.

No charge gives me a call, I mean

business beyond the shadow of a doubt.

J. M. HIPKINS.

Feb. 15, 1881—to Dec. 31

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST—South Main Street, Rev.

T. G. Keen, pastor. Services every

Sabbath morning and evening. Sun-

day school every Sabbath morning.

Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

Business meeting first Wednesday

night in each month.

CHRISTIAN—Nashville Street, Eld.

C. K. Marshall, pastor. Services

every Sabbath morning and evening.

Sunday school every Sunday morning.

Prayer meeting every Wednesday

night.

DOCTORS.

G. P. N. CAMPBELL, M. D., office with Dr.

R. M. Fairchild, Main Street.

B. F. EAGER, Main Street, over Roach &

Lathan's.

L. B. HICKMAN, Hoppers Block, up stairs.

P. H. CLARK, office with Dr. R. W. Gaines,

Main St.

G. ALEXANDER, M. D., over Gray &

Buckner's drug store.

MILLINERS.

Mrs. R. I. MARTIN, opposite Phoenix Ho-

tel, up stairs.

MRS. M. E. BODDIES, Nashville Street

nearly opposite Christian Church.

JEWELERS.

G. H. BRADY & CO., Court St., Campbell &

G. Williams old stand.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

CLARENCE ANDERSON, Henry Block, en-

trance next door to Savage's.

DRUGGISTS.

J. W. McCLANAHAN & CO., No. 4, Henry

St. Block.

G. H. HOPPER & CO., Main Street, Hopkins-</div

EXCHANGE SCINTILLATIONS

After all, the beautiful rhetoric of Bob Ingersoll is but the sparkle of the sham Paine of masticity.—[Breck News.]

Two Indiana brass bands are to have a competitive trial. Perhaps this is what Mother Shipton meant.—[Padman.]

The Albany face has had such a long run that it's about time to give Kong Ling, the Mexican man, a chance fit.—State Journal.

A frequently read of desperadoes out West firing pistols at Random but, somehow they never hit him.—Sunday Argus.

A Texas printer married a two hundred pound woman the other day. Nobody knows better than a printer the value of a fat take.—[Glasgow Times.]

If it is true that dancing is the poetry of motion, it is lucky thing for motion that its work is not required to wrestle with the waste basket, gentle men.—[Glasgow Times.]

That lovely Cornelia, the republican party, will have a precious lot of jewels to exhibit when the result of the post-office department investigation is made public.—[Gruelle.]

They say peace dwells everywhere in heaven. If it dwells in the locality where a man has his first and second wife resides, then heaven, truly, must be a wonderful country.—[Dittoe.]

A lady sat at the table: "Are not two comets at the same time rather singular?" "No, plural," was her husband's reply. Divorce applied for, the pun not being new.—[Padman.]

"Ice Cream, \$1.25 per gal," reads a Louisville quotation. Cloverport gals consider themselves quite lucky when they can persuade their "fellows" to eat it up to the tune of ten cents per gal.—[Breck News.]

Way Woodson, of the Greenville Echo, was quite sick last week, and but for a stone (graphing) he received his mortal coil. We are glad that Woodson found the proper remedies for his complaint.—[Padman.]

The question whether the average girl would rather kiss a mustached fellow or an unmustached fellow will be argued before the Newport Scientific Association at its next meeting. The Society requests a large amount of female evidence to be present.—[Dittoo.]

"The sun appears smaller at times than at others." Yes, especially when it is compelled by a turtle to act the part of an old hen and hatch out the former's eggs, for that is a very small business for so bright a luminary to be caught at.—[State Journal.]

The Maysville Republican offers a copy of the revised New Testament to each of its delinquent subscribers who will pay up his arrears and look over the cash for another year. It seems to us it would have been better to offer the edition with hell in it. Men who do not pay their newspaper bills will care very little for Hades.—[Sunday Argus.]

Kentucky—God bless and prosper her!—stands at the head of all creation. Her skies are the bluest and sunniest, her grass the greenest and most luxuriant, her flowers the loveliest and most fragrant, her daughters the most beautiful and virtuous, her sons the manliest and most chivalric, her horses the fleetest, and her cattle the finest of any land under the bounded heavens. Again we say, God bless and prosper dear old Kentucky.—[Gruelle.]

How Maud S. was Named.

The Detroit Chaff is responsible for the following: "In the class that will graduate at the Cass school this month is a bright eyed little blonde girl of fourteen summers, who can tell you how all the league clubs stand, and the record of every noted pacer and trotting horse in the United States. Her somewhat unnatural love, and penchant for, sporting matters does not interfere with her studies, as she is considered a marvelous pianist, and has a mellown, contralto voice which she cultivates with enthusiasm. She is the daughter of C. W. Green, who resides at the corner of Park and Sibley streets, and who travels for Dooley, Webster & Co., the Detroit wine merchants. In the spring of 1874, Mr. Green, with his family, was in Worcester, Mass., on their way to Boston. While at the depot, some gentlemen came into the passenger shed carrying a three days' old colt on a stretcher.

The little Miss Green ran after the gentlemen and asked why they carried the colt in that way.

"Because," said Mr. Stone, owner of the colt, "I am afraid it will break his legs if I let him stand up in the cars."

The little girl persisted in making all sorts of inquiries, until at last Mrs. Green called her and said she must not annoy the gentleman, as it would hurt his interest. But the little one wanted to see the "colt." Finally, Mr. Stone unloosed the "colt" from his horse, and the little girl asked no more questions than that the horse-bred ear became interested in her, and allowed the little girl to stroke the colt.

"What is his name?" asked the child.

"What is your name?" returned Mr. Stone.

"Maud," was the reply, as she pulled the "colt's" ears.

Then that shall be the colt's name.—Maud," said Mr. Stone. "Now, if you ever hear of Maud or Lady Maud, you must remember that it is the little colt you are putting on the head."

Maud Green is still a school girl who has hardly begun the race of life, and Maud S. is one of the most famous pieces of fleshless in the United States. That is the difference Mr. Vanderbilt, between a little girl and a little colt.

There is nothing like being properly armed and equipped for the battles of life. Still, few are in the happy condition of the Irishman who sent a letter to a friend saying that while he was writing, he had a pistol in both hands and a sword in the other.

A Plea For "Lady."

Appleton's Magazine. What awkward prefixes *Mrs.* and *Miss* are to the names of our women! *Mister* is distasteful enough as a masculine title, but that the unpronounceable *Mrs.* and the hissing *Miss* should have survived as long as they have is reflection upon the good sense of English-speaking people. *Mistress* for *Mrs.* might be revived—indeed, it would be a great improvement; but how inferior even this term is to *Madame* of the French! For *Mademoiselle* we have actually no exact equivalent, for this term may be used either as a prefix to the name or separately as a title, while the use of *Miss* without the name to follow is a violation of many a widow's dy. This fact leads to many awkwardnesses. He was walking in Main Street, when he was met by a buxom-looking country girl, and some friends. He was n't a bit acquainted with the girl, but introductions soon followed; she blushed and he was confused, and there was no getting around it; it was a case of love at first sight. They talked earnestly for about half an hour, the friends having departed. They soon parted with a kiss, she going north and he going south. In the course of two hours both made their appearance again on Main Street, dressed up in fine style. They kissed again, and she took his arm and they walked off, and at 2 o'clock were united in marriage. He made her acquaintance, popped the question and married her in side of three hours.—[Argus.]

Love at First Sight.

Appleton's Magazine.

An almost incredible romance has happened in Wisconsin, and if it had not been vouched for by so reliable authority as the Racine Journal, it would be rejected altogether. The story, as the Journal tells it, is that a resident of Racine, named Johnson, who has roamed through this world for about thirty-five years, having never met the choice of his heart, was walking on Main Street, when he was met by a buxom-looking country girl, and some friends. He was n't a bit acquainted with the girl, but introductions soon followed; she blushed and he was confused, and there was no getting around it; it was a case of love at first sight. They talked earnestly for about half an hour, the friends having departed. They soon parted with a kiss, she going north and he going south. In the course of two hours both made their appearance again on Main Street, dressed up in fine style. They kissed again, and she took his arm and they walked off, and at 2 o'clock were united in marriage. He made her acquaintance, popped the question and married her in side of three hours.—[Argus.]

Numerous Candidates.

A friend has furnished the Yeoman with the following list of candidates for the Clerkship of the Court of Appeals, all of whom with one or two exceptions, are engaged in an active canvass:

Thomas C. Jones of Daviess county.
Virgil Hewitt of Hamilton county.
Sam M. Gandy of Hopkins county.
John D. Moore of Hickman county.
John F. Davis of Shelby county.
W. C. Bell of Madison county.
Warren Montfort of Owen county.
Tus J. Henry of Morgan county.
John Norwell of Nicholas county.
Wm. Washington of Robertson county.
Gen. Frank Woolard of Cass county.

With thirteen Democratic candidates in the field, and there may be more, for we are not responsible for the completeness of the list, the necessity of a State convention is self-evident. That it should be called at an early date, say not later than the 8th of January or 22d of February next, is we believe the wish of all aspirants.

Appreciated Her.

A young lady who recently arrived at a Rocky Mountain mining camp proved so popular, that within a few hours after her appearance the delighted miners, many of whom had not seen so young and charming a person for years, flocked around her and gave her a bag of gold dust, a dog, a town lot, a year's subscription to the country newspaper, four tons of coal, a box in the postoffice and six bottles of soothing syrup. The soothing syrup will for two or three years to come be the most valuable present of them all.

A corn dodger—a man who avoids wearing light boots.

Strawberry short cake at a church festival is charming stuff to eat. It is such exciting fun to see who gets the most.

Mr. John Sherman's Pin Money.

There are indications that Mr. John Sherman will shortly need a very large-sized vindication. In fact, nothing short of the Presidency will serve to set the gentleman from Ohio right before the country. His claims on the Republican party it will be seen, are too great to be ignored.

The judicious manner in which he spent \$132,715 19 of a sum of the people's money, which is very delicately called the "contingent fund," entitles him to consideration. He is a man of taste and cultivation. Instead of squandering the whole amount on caresses he distributed the money around promiscuously among manufacturers of toilet articles and the like, thus encouraging various branches of industry.

Three hundred dollars' worth of newspapers is a small matter. Seventy-five cents for six month's subscription to the "Alaska Appeal" was a generous gift to a patriotic paper. A copy of the "St. Nicholas" magazine for children only cost the Government four dollars, and carried joy with it to some patriotic family of prattling children who had good reason to regard the Government as a benevolent old Santa Claus.

The judicious manner in which he stands his first night aboard the steamer. "At last," he said tenderly, "we are all alone, out upon the deep waters of life, and upon your heart will always beat true, as it has beat in the past?" "My heart's all right," she answered laughingly, "but my stomach feels awfully."

A citizen went into a Norwich hardware store, the other day, and inquired: "How much do you ask for a bath-tub for a child?" "Three dollars and seventy-five cents," was the reply. "W-h-e-w!" whistled the customer. "Guess we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal scuttle till price comes down."

He was a bachelor, had traveled extensively, and could speak any language, dead or alive, but when he returned home the other day, and talked to his sister's baby, and when it cried and was pacified by its mother saying: "Did his naughty uncle come home hoye womey and scarey rum? my little putney wussey," he just leaned over the back of the chair and went to sleep.

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